working from the wrist to the fingers. Constantly change

The Capture of 10,000 Kernels

How English Women Helped in Winning the Great War by

Working in the Grain Fields



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the taking possession of the Mississippi in the name of France, by Pierre d'Iber-ville, in 1700. He was one of ten famous sons of Charles Le Moyne, of Montreal, and the founder of Mobile, thus fulfilling La Salle's vision of a French settlement on the

When a Girl Marries

A STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE Anne Tries to Shelve Virginia and **Incurs Bitter Words From** Her Husband

By Ann Lisle. CHAPTER LXXII.

Incorporated.)

the surface of the rag.

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HE shrill call of the telephone in the living room rang through the early morning darkness of the apartment. Drowsily heard and it mingled with my dreams of Jim's tenderness to me the night before. Halfsleeping and half-waking, I lived. egain through the ugly moment when Jim had sugested that we there an apartment with Phoebe and Virginia-who didn't even

I smiled dreamily at the memory of my provocative reply-"Would rou be bored living alone with me?" remember with a delicious .hrill the passion with which Jim had set his lips to mine in reply.

Through those dreams the phone went on shrilling its summons. Startled to full wakefulness, I planced at Jim's watch, hanging rom the corner of his bed. It was

Bridently Jim could sleep through New Year's chimes or the tuneless jangling didn't pierce his slumbers. Resentfully I slipped nto my robe and slippers and pattered out to the room where Neal slept like a peaceful cherub through

all the alarum The call was for him-he was ordered to report at the station, intend of at the draft board, accordng to the usual procedure, at 2:30. One hundred men would start at once for the artillery camp. Stooping over Neal, I set a light kiss on his red curl that fluttered right across the middle of his forehead. "Laddle, dear-wake up. You're

ctarting West today, and there's a lot to do," I whispered. Neal opened his eyes for a second, then turned over sleepily, flung up is arm to ward off what was disturbing him, and was sound asleep gain in another second. I laughed, then I set my hands on his shoul-ders and shook him to reproachful

Neal Speaks Confidentially. "Oh, Babbsie-let a fellow sleep!

Register Your Sunday with Vee. I'm sorry you've had a misunderstanding. We'll soon Child

By Dr. W. A. McKeever. THERE will probably arise a the life of your child when a certificate of birth will be worth much, both in satisfaction and money. It is so easy to secure this official record now, and it is usually difficult or impossible to obtain the necessary facts after years of neglect. Besides becoming an interesting keepsake, the birth certificate may be called for in the future, when he desires (1) to furnish legal proof of descent; (2) to prove inheritance of property; (3) to show right to enter school; (4) to establish claim ofr & pension; (5) to secure des:rable place of employment; (6) to defend claim for some kind of persion; (7) to become qualified for civil service; (8) to join the army or navy; (0) to establish ability to make

right to marry. The best time to obtain the gertificate of birth is during the first days of the child's infancy, but if you have neglected to do this, the papers may be dated back, provided you can still find the important witnesses. Your attending physiriam should be asked for a form of sertificate, and it should contain his ignature and that of the nurse or ome other personal witness. It is well to add the date, the day of the week, the hour, the name of the shild, its weight, length, and the apparent physical status. If the orm shows no space for all these facts, write them in ink on the margin or back.

ontracts, and (10) to prove fegal

Were it not so frequent an occurrence, it would be regarded as a startling event, that of the coming of a new human being into the world. Birth and death are the two great inexplicables. Why not make the birth of the individual as much an "event" as his death? Why not plan more definitely to give the infant a happy start on his way through life as well as give "the ceased" a sympathetic farewell off into "The Beyond?"

Born on Wednesday, January 1. 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. Jennings Bryan Jones, of - street, a son eph Bryan Jones. A normal. healthy infant.

Such a notice in your daily paper will cost but little, if anything, and it will make an interesting keepsake for the child himself.

Now, while we have just emphasized the legal advantage of such a thing as a birth certificate for the infant. I am inclined to emphasize the sentimental aspects of its birth

The little one should have the benefit of more than a reception committee when he comes into this stormy old world. He deserves also ters" club to begin at once to get behind his possible future of. nmendable effort and progress. For many years to come the infant visitor will be guided little by sense and reason, and much by senti-ment. By slow degrees he is to iiscover his relations to the mem-

bers of the family at home and to the others about him We register the best calves and the finest pigs with scrupu'ous care. Now, let us even more carefully register all the little babies that come to live among us. And let us receive them all for what they really are, the finest and the bear of God's gifts to the world. Oh! That's it? So I'm on my

faloed-he's plumb crazy about

me," I whispered—happy that Neal was going to open his heart to me

she tells Jim, of course, I may have the evening with Phoebe-and then the minute he's gone she turns to Blake and asks him to he's busy or would he motor us somewhere in a cozy little foursome. And he falls for it! So what could I do? Phoepe except when we were danginia kept turning around and talking to us there in the tonneauso we didn't feel alone for a minute. It was fiendish. Phoebe-means everything to me, Babbsie. I'd-I'd have given-any-

His voice broke. My heart swelled with longing to make Neal happy. I held him close-murmuring mother words of comfort. And then I made a plan.

"Listen, lad, won't you be running over to say good-by to Evvy?" I asked. "All right, run along, and when you come back we'll see what we'll see!"

right after breakfast I phoned "You've often shown your willingness to be friends, Betty. Can I count on you now-when I need

her, I conquered my pride and told all I dared:

we don't even speak-and it wou'd uncomfortable for me to have here to dinner today. But I want Phoebe, and I can't have her alone, unless I get rid of Virginia for just this once

Jim Overhears. up-'by, Anne, dear."

I put up the receiver and turned with a strange sense of something all wrong. There stood Jim-my wonderful lover of last highteyes ablaze, nostrils quivering and

mouth hard and stern. "So you discuss my sister with outsiders? Criticised her; plan to get her out of the way-

"Indeed! That makes it better, I suppose. You chose my best friend -- Virginia's intimate-to humiliate want to 'get rid of Virginia?'

sense of humor told her what I meant," I cried pleadingly.

"Jim-how can you" I cried.

stumbled back into the bed-room and slammed the door. I staggered up against that door and stood there and rage that was near hate. Only last night Jim had been the tenderest lover in all the world, and now for Virginia, he could berate me with the ugliest words he'd ever spoken. He had said she meant more to him than any one on earth.

and shook his fist vindictively.

you?" I asked.

Virginia is angry at me, Betty-

"Bles your heart, I'd love a cosy Sunday with Vee. I'm sorry you've

"It was Betty-

tells me that a wife doesn't go to a woman she has always snubbed and sudenly gush out a lot of complaints against a man's favorite sister-unless she's two-faced and

Then, before I could answer, Jim to put up with it.

not I. For Neal's sake, I must bear

"Babbs, sit down here for a min-

Then suddenly he sat up in bed ute so we can be alone while I tell you about last night. That Virginia --- shut the door, Babbs, so old Jim won't hear. She's got him buf-

"The door's closed, dear. Tell

"Well," Virginia butted in and went along. Smooth as silk! First "Never a minute alone with cing. Even on the way home Virthing-to kiss her good-by just

I would tell him no more, but

And when I got a warm assur-ance that I could indeed count on

"It wasn't an outsider," I broke

her. And may I ask you why you "Oh, Jim-Betty didn't misunderstand the way you're doing. Her

"It did? Well, my sense of decency

"How can you misunderstand me

"Misunderstand? I understand too well. You've hated Virginia from the first. Now you understand me. Virginia means more to me than any one on earth-and my wife is going to treat her decently from

-throbbing, on fire with hurt pride I couldn't endure it. I didn't have

And then, with sudden force, a thought seared its way across my It was Neal who counted today-

I opened the door of the bed-room and went in to face my husband.

To Be Continued.

rub some olive oil into the

straw with a brush . ther.

dry, and the straw will look

Egg stains on linen or any other

cloth should be soaked in cold water

-never in hot, which would make

Before frying cold potatoes, slice

them and well dredge with flour.

This not only causes the potatoes to

brown more quickly, but also im-

In making button holes rub soap

on the material before cutting but-

ton holes in serge or tweed The

soap holds the threads together and

prevents them from fraying during

To prevent copper utensils from

tarnishing, clean them with equal

quantities of sand, flour and sait

mixed with vinegar. Rinse in hot

water and polish with dry whiten-

proves their flavor.

the making.

them almost impossible to remove.

appeared.

the morning.

for a few minutes.

water.

Hints for the Household

The harvest scene here shown was photographed some time ago, though the pictures have just reached this country. During the final months of the war English girls were trained to care for herds, to milk cows and do general farm work. Attired in overalls, gaiters and stout boots, they proved their worth in practical results.

Will Women Undercut Men?

other employers quickly follow suit.

Women will get the general reputa-

tion of being willing to work for

less than men, and it will lower

If there is one thing that absolute-

ism in industry, it is this tendency

of some women to undercut men.

How can any workingman feel like

extending a welcoming hand to a

woman in his kind of job if he

knows that she is willing to do his

work for less pay? She is a constant

menace and in self-preservation he

There are many so-called men's

jobs that women can perform as

ably as men. And if women compete

-not with the unfair weapon of

lower pay and longer hours-there

is bound to be only friendly rivalry.

operation, increasing general effi-

the kind of rivalry that means co-

lency of an industry and eventually

making for better hours, better pay

and better conditions for both men

and women.

with men on the basis of efficiency

is forced to keep her out if he can.

If there is one thing that absolute.

the standing of all women wh

By Eleanor Gilbert. 7 HAT can women do now

the boys are coming home and women are no longer needed in industries to replace men?

That is the question which is giving much concern to many workers and students of the woman problem in industry. Will women who don't have to work return to their homes satisfied? How will women be shifted from typically men's to women's industries?

Much that is being done and will be done will be experimental. But in all the readjustment that takes place, it is surely the duty of all women who work to bear in mind one big principle at least. That the better wage and time standards that women have won during the course of war work must not be relinquished. There must be none of the old-time unfair competition of women getting men's jobs only because they were willing to work

for less pay than men. Thousands of women have fought a good fight to make the readjustment, and to get for women the same pay for the same work as men. Now that there is no longer the overwhelming demand for labor -woman's labor-at any price, there is sure to come a reaction

from many quarters. Women will be tempted to remain in men's jobs by being offered men's responsibilities even when men are available. A man's title and responsibility are likely to appeal to the vanity of some women to the extent that they will over look the small fact of the man's salary not being included. Every woman who knowingly takes a man's job at less than a man's pay is committing a double robbery

against workers. In the first place she is robbing a man of a jon. No gilded pseudopatriotic phrase can now be used about taking a job "to release a man for Uncle Sam." Bluntly, she will be stealing a job from a man who needs it because she is undercutting him. She is making a poorly-paid job out of what might be a remunerative one.

In the second place, she is dealing a blow to all women who work. If she is willing to work at a lower wage than a man, then her employer will expect every woman he hires to work at lower wages, and

soak the inked place in turpentine

for twenty-four hours, then pour

boiling soda water on it and rinse

When dry the stains will have dis-

Vaseline stains may be removed

Chapped hands should be smeare !

at night with some good and suit-

able ointment, and then loose gloves

should be put on and kept on till

A simple method of cleaning tan

shoes is to rub with a flannel dip-

ped in turpentine, rubbing off with

a clean flannel. Any dried mud

should first be washed off with

To remove grease spots from

tablecloths, coats, trousers, etc.,

sandwich the article between two

pieces of blotting paper and rest

a hot fron over the damaged part

hy washing the stained article in

warm water and soap; rinse and ap-

ply chlorinated soda to the stain.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

How Long Shall She Wait? | maintaining that love and fascina-DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: young man. He has asked me to wait two and a half years for our marriage, which I think is too long. Please ad-vise me what to do. L. S.

This would be a long engagement. but perhaps it is not too long if the wait is necessary and if you really love each other. But I fear that nobody who does not know all the circumstances can prefitably advise you in this matter. The best way is to talk it out thoroughly and frankly with the young man himself, and arrive together at an agreement.

Is He Fascinated?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am very much in love with a young lady who says that I am merely fascinated. Kindly explain the difference between love and fascination. I think of her all day long. G. C. Isn't this young lady something

of a coquette? Still she is right in

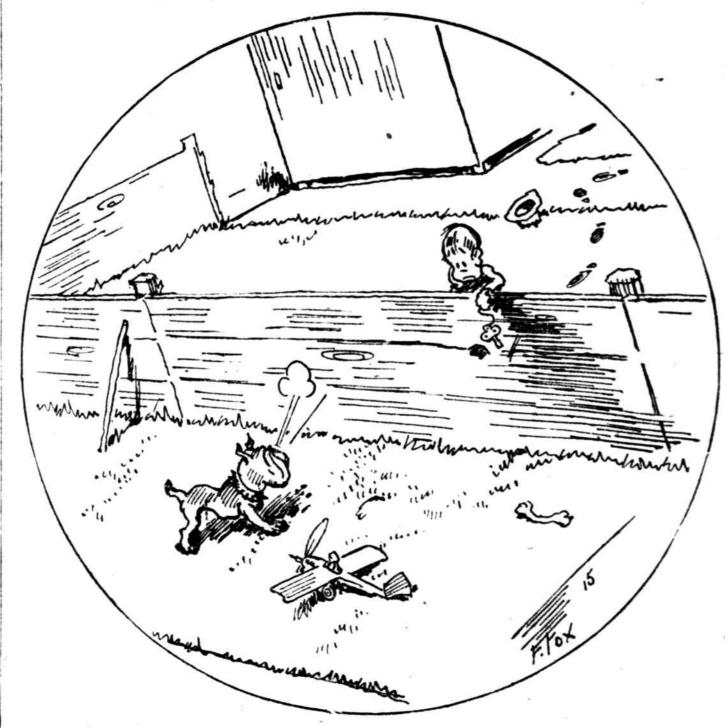
tion are not the same. One of the differences between them is that fascination is transint. So if you wait six months, you can sorely tell whether your feeling is really love or not.

Locating Them. Two army officers while balloon-

ing lost trace of their whereabouts. and, wishing to ascertain what part of the country they were passing over, descended until they came within hailing distance of a rustic at work in a field. When nearly overhead one of the officers called out, "Hie there, Johnny! Can you tell us where we are?" The rustic. gazed up at them in much amazement. Thinking he had not heard, one of the officers shouted again louder than before. "Where are "Why, you're in a balloon,

"DOWN WITHIN THE ENEMY'S LINES."

By FONTAINE FOX.



(Copy right, 1919, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Ind

The Club-Footed Man

A NEW SPY SERIAL BY VALENTINE WILLIAMS **Desmond Meets His Brother Francis** Who Has a Job as Waiter in Dusseldorf Cafe.

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters)
Desmond Okewood, British army ofdeer, goes to Germany in search of his
brother, Francis, a member of the British secret service. At a small frontier
town a man named Semlin, a German
Government agent, drops dead in his
room. Desmond appropriates Semlin's
papers and assumes his identity. He
reaches Berlin without incident and is
conducted into the presence of General
Von Boden, an side of the Kalser.
Desmond, having convinced Von
Boden he is really Semlin, is ushered
into the residence of the Kalser.
Later he receives a cipher messace
from his brother. Francis
Desmond meets Clubfoot, who explains what he wants of Semlin.
Desmond encounters Monics, who
hides him from Clubfoot's identity is a
mystery to her.
The amateur spy is forced to fice
from his hiding place and is adrift in
Berlin He goes to a secret agent
who disguises him and gets him a job
as waiter. The place is raided by
Clubfoot and agents, but Desmond
escapes by a ruse. He fices to Dusseldorf where he finds his brother.

"Not a word now." he said in

"Not a word now," he said in German as he cleared away the breakfast. "I am off this afternoon. Meet me on the river promenade by the Schiller statue at a quarter past two and we'll go for walk. Don't stay here now but come back and lunch in the resed and pretty safe!"

Then he called out into the void: Twenty-six wants to pay!"

Such was my meeting with my

CHAPTER XVI. A Hand-Clasp By the Rhine.

That afternoon Francis and I walked out along the banks of the swiftly flowing Rhine until we were far beyond the city. Anxious though I was that he should reveal to me that part of his life which lay hidden beneath those lines of suffering in his face, he made me tell my story first. So I unfolde to him the extraordinary series of adventures that had befallen me since the night I had blundered upon the trail of a great secret in

that evil hotel at Rotterdam. Francis did not once interrupt the flow of my narrative. He listened with the most tense interest, but with a growing concern which betrayed itself clearly on his face. At end of my story, I silently handed to him the half of the stolen letter I had seized from Clubfoot at the Hotel Esplanade. "Keep it, Francis," I said. "It's

Puss in Boots

safer with a respectable waiter like

By David Corv.

NE day early in the morning, for the circus, you know, does not commence until the afternoon, Puss was standing outside the great tent when a woman came by and stopped to talk to him. For everybody was interested in Puss Junior. He was now a famous bareback

couldn't do on horseback, except, perhaps, go to sleep. Well, the woman stopped and looked at him for a few minutes, and then she said: "I have a little husband No bigger than my thumb,

So I keep him in a bird cage

rider and there was nothing he

And keep him safe at home." "Why don't you bring him to the circus and let us show him for a freak," said Puss. "He'll make more money that way than living in a bird cage.'

"So he might," said the woman. "I will bring him here this very day." And away she went as fast as she could for home. Well, by and by she returned carrying a leather bag, and when

she opened it who should jump out

Tom Thumb. Wasn't

strange? And you should have

seen how glad he was to see Puss

Junior. As for Puss, he lifted the little fellow up in his paws and grinned and purred, he was so delighted once more to see his former little comrade.

"What! Are you old friends?" asked the woman, stretching out her hand to take Tom Thumb. "Don't let her take me," cried the little fellow, and, of course, Puss Junior wouldn't, although the Woman became very angry. "I'm not her husband," cried Tom Thumb, "and all she wants to do is to be cruel to me. Save me, dear Puss." Well, of course, Puss was never appealed to without giving aid, and, what is more, he was fond of Tom Thumb for old times' sake, as he turned to the woman and said with a fierce look, "Leave him with me. He was my comrade once and shall be hereafter. You have no right to him," and with these words Puss marched into the tent, leaving the woman to do what she might. He didn't care, for he was in the right, and when that is the case he can be brave, even if he is a small cat. As soon as Puss told his friend, the clown, what had happened, he said, "We'll never let her get Tom Thumb. He shall stay with us as long as he likes." And then the lovely circus lady came up and shook hands with him, and everybody said "Hurray for the little friend of Fuss Junior!"

That night, after Tom Thumb was dressed in a pretty costume, he rode round with Puss on the big gray horse, and all the children clapped hands and cried, "Isn't he

And the show went off with lots of excitement, and when it was over there was more money in the cash box than there had been for many days. And in the next story you shall hear more about Puss Junior and little Tom Thumb. (Copyright, 1919, David Cory.)

you than with a hunted outeast like

My brother smiled wanly, but his face assumed the look of grave anxiety with which he had heard my tale. He scrutinized the slips of paper very closely, then tucked them away in a letter-case, which he buttoned up in his pocket.

"Fortune is a strange goddess,
Des," he said, his weary eyes roving out over the turgid, yellow
stream, "and she has been kind to
you, though, God knows, you have
played a man's part in all this. She has placed in your possession some thing for which at least five me have died in vain, something that has filled my thoughts, sleeping and waking, for more than half a year. What you have told me throws a good deal of light upon the mystery which I came to this cursed country to elucidate, but it also deepens the darkness which still envelops many points in the affair.

"You know there are issues is this game of ours, old man, that stand even higher than the confi dence that there has always between us two. That is why I wrote to you so seldom out in France I could tell you nothing about my work; that is one of the rules or our game. But new you have broken into the scramble yourself. I feel that we are partners, so I will tell you all I know. "Listen, then. Some time about the beginning of the year a letter written by a German interned at one of the camps in England was stopped by the camp censor. This German went by the name of

Schulte: he was arrested at a house in Dalston the day after we declared war on Germany. There was a good reason for this, for our friend Schulte-we don't know his real name-was known to my chief as one of the most daring and suc-cessful spies that ever operated in the British Isles. "Therefore, a sharp eye was kept on his correspondence, and one day this letter was seized. It was, I believe, perfectly harmless to the eye but the expert to whom it was eventually submitted soon detected a conventional code in the chatty

phrases about the daily life of the camp. It proved to be a communication from Schulte to a third party relating to a certain letter which apparently, the writer imagined the third party had a considerable interest in acquiring. For he offerparty, mentioning a sum so prepo terously high that it attracted the earnest attention of our intelligence people. One-half the sum mentioned being paid into the writer's account at a certain bank in London, the letter went on to say, the writer would forward the address at which the object in question would be

"It was a simple matter to send Schulte a letter in return, agreeing to his terms, and to have the payment made, as desired, into the bank he mentioned. His communication in reply to this was duly stopped. The address he gave was that of a house situated on the outskirts of Cleves.

We had no idea what this letter was, tut its apparent value in the eyes of the shrewd Mr. Schulte made it highly desirable that we should obtain possession of it without delay. Four of us were selected for this dangerous mission of getting into Germany, and feighing it, by hook or by crook, from the house at Cleves, where it was deposited. We four were to enter Germany by different routes and different me and to converge on Cleves (which is quite close to the Dutch frontier).

"It would take too long to tell you of the very exact organization which we worked out to exclude all risk of failure and the various schemes we evolved for keeping in touch with one another though working separately and in rotation Nor does it matter very much how I got into Germany. The fact is that, at my very first attempt to get across the frinti /, I realized that some immensely powerful force was working against me.

"I managed it, with half a dozen hairbreadth escapes, and I set down my success soledly to my knowledge of German and that old trick of mine of German imitations, But felt everywhere the influence of this unseen hand, enforcing a meticulous vigilance which it was almost impossible to escape. I was not surprised, therefore, to learn that two of my companions came to grief at the very outset." My brother lowered his voice and

looked about him. "Do you know what happened to those two gallant fellows?" he said. Jack Tracy was found dead on the cide of an Unknown Individual' was discovered hanging in a wood, "Sulcile of an Unknown Individual' was what the German papers called it in each case. But I heard the truth . . never mind how. They were ambushed and slaughtered in cold blood.

"And the third man you spoke of?" I asked. "Philip Brewster? Vanished, Des

· · vanished utterly. I fear he, too, has gone west, poor chap!" "Of the whole four of us I was the only one to reach our objective There I drew blank. The letter was not in the hiding place indicated. I think it never had been or the Huns would have got it. I felt all the time that they didn't know exactly where the letter was, but that they anticipated our attempt to get it, hence the unceasing vigilance all along the frontier and inside of

it, too. "They damned nearly got me at Cleves: I escaped as by a miracle, and the providential thing for me was that I had never posed as anything but a German, only I varied the type I represented almost from day to day. Thus I left no traces behind or they would have had me long since."

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)